

Mrs. Arthur Lee

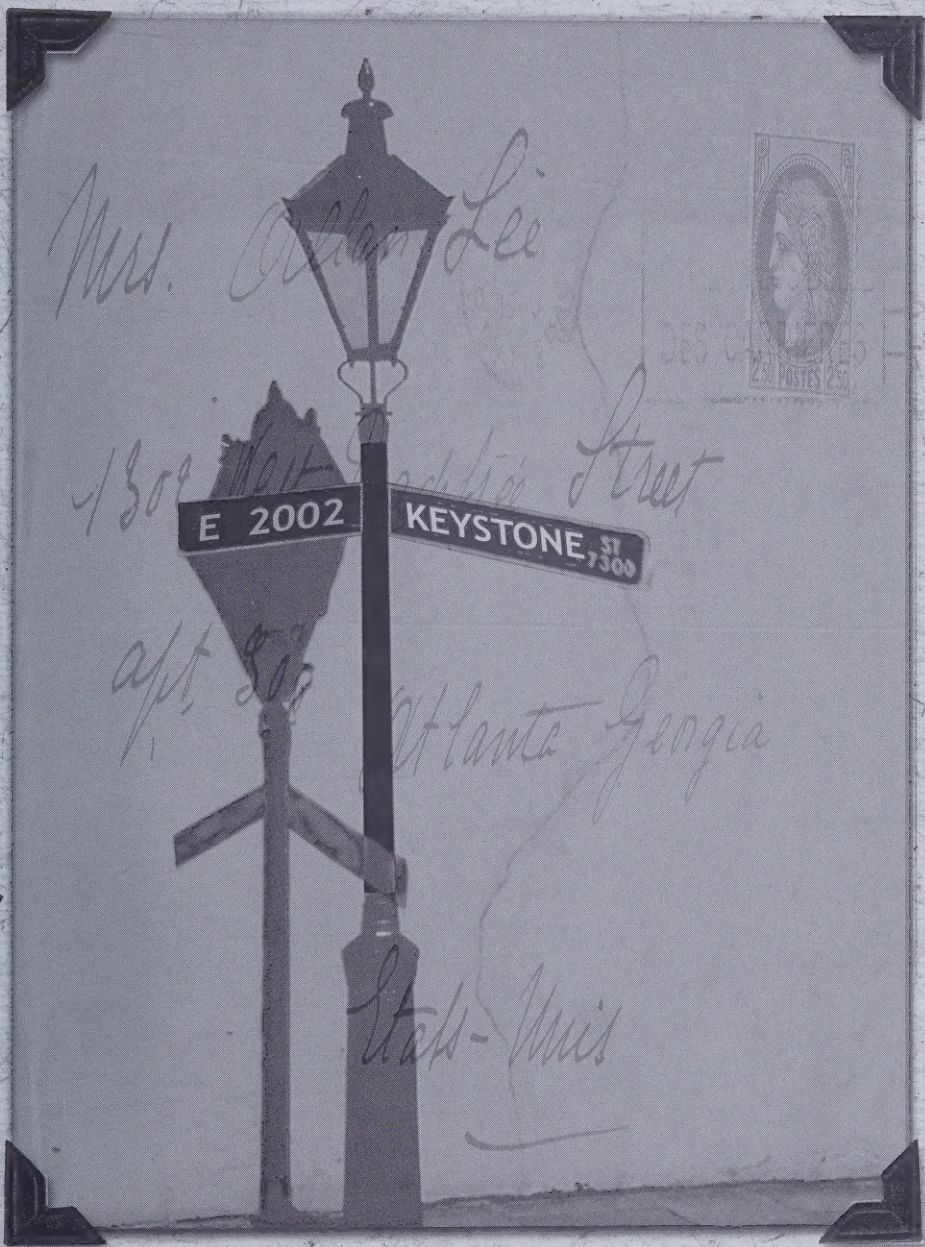


1309 West Jackson Street

E 2002 KEYSTONE ST
7300

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Dep-Miss



KEYSTONE



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**Keystone
Advisor**



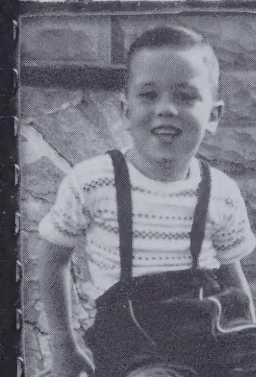
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The editors of Keystone 2002 would like to express our gratitude to the following people and organizations for aiding us in this endeavor; Mark Helms and the Student Life staff, Wallace Printing, Michele Spence, Jacqueline Satterlee, Evie Henderson and all those innocent helpers who "volunteered" for the Keystone gallery show and, of course, James Spence for your dedication, devotion, patience and persistence.

You were great; we couldn't have done this without you. To the artists and writers, thank you for all your cooperation. We hope this book will be a source of reflection as well as an inspiration.

— The Staff

2003 Submissions for Keystone will be accepted in the Spring of 2003. You must have been a registered CPCC student during one of the following semesters in order to be eligible: Summer 2002 through Spring 2003. Full-time, Part-time, or adjunct staffs of CPCC are not eligible for entry. All students are eligible for entry. All work must have been completed since first enrollment at CPCC. All work must be previously unpublished; writers and artists retain the rights to their work. For more information, call Student Publications at 704.330.6743. All rights are returned herein to the writers and artists. The writers and artists retain all rights to their work. No reproduction of any kind can be made without the permission of the original writer or artist. Some pieces have been edited for publication. Literary changes were made based on the approval of the author. Keystone is not responsible for any technical, mechanical or grammatical errors. Entries are judged anonymously by judges outside the CPCC community.

Wallace Printing,
3111 Hwy. 70 SE
Newton, NC 28658
Telephone - 828.466.3300
toll free - 877.902.3300
facsimile - 828.466.3070

100 pound semi-gloss text stock
(4/4 and bl.text)
120 semi-gloss cover stock (4/4)

Cover design and biography,
pages by Cassandra Lyon. All
other pages designed by
Cassandra Lyon with the
assistance of Carri Johnston.

Photography

Gregory Tong
"Take My Picture"
-27-

Misael Cuering
"Untitled"
-32-

Ryan McMahon
"Echoes From High Noon"
-18-

Tracy Allen
"Texas Coast"
-5-

2-D Art

Theron Ross
"Caterpillar"
-7-

Brenda McLuskie
"Chase Me, Catch Me."
-29-

Lester Morris
"Vase"
-31-

Ahmad Sabha
"Shino Sister II"
-15-

Honorable Mentions
-35-

2-D Art

Donna Welch
"Self Portrait"
-14-

Mimi Korthauer
"Through The Glass"
-30-

Jeffrey Andrews
"Mendhi Hands I"
-24-

Carolyn Ison
"Nasturtiums"
-33-

Digital Art

Spencer Horne
"Day at the Midway" -8-
"Reflections of Madness;
Weston Asylum" -19-
"The Faces I Wear" -23-

Chris Grimm
"In Bloom"
-13-

Prose

Nathan Sprinkle
"Day One"
-9 thru 12-

Kiernan McMahon
"Pleasure's Machine"
-16 & 17-

Ryan McMahon
"The Pinnacle"
-25 thru 27-

Nelly Anderson
"Demonic" -20 & 21-

Poetry

Nichole McQueen
"Rectangles & Isosceles"
-6-

Karen VanWagenen-Jones
"Emerald City"
-22-

Kelly Bradley
"Tsanto"
-28-

Homage to WTC
-4-

Contributor's Bios
-35-36-

Juror and Staff Bios
-37-

Contents

NEW YORK CITY

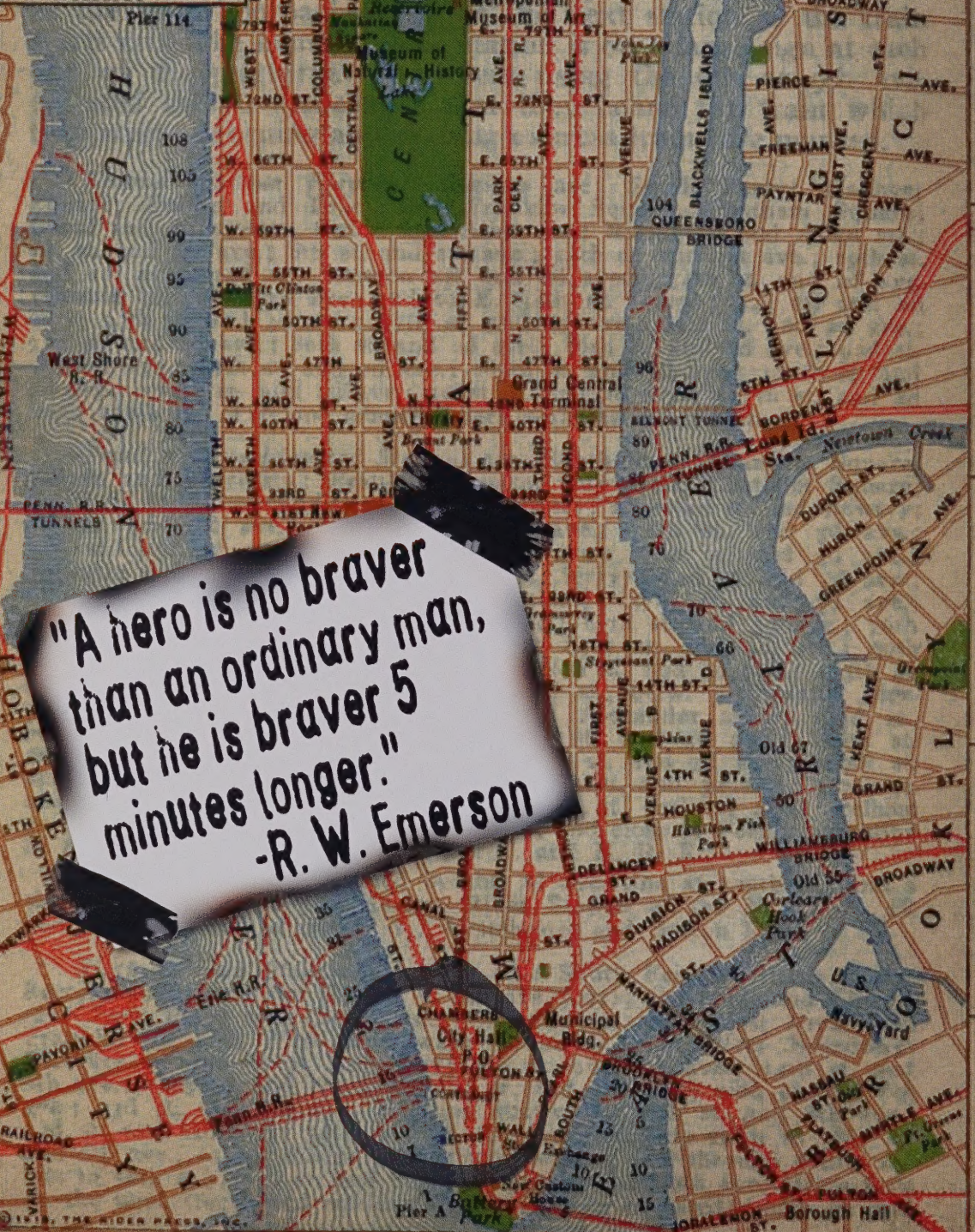
BATTERY TO 110TH ST

SCALE ONE MILE

ONE KILOMETRE

LEGEND

- Subways
- Elevated Lines
- Hudson Tunnels
- Railroads
- Ferries



"A hero is no braver
than an ordinary man,
but he is braver 5
minutes longer."
-R. W. Emerson



TRACY ALLEN



"Texas Coast" 4th Place Photography

THE KEYSTONE REVUE
"Rectangles"

1ST PLACE POETRY
 BY

NICHOLE McQUEEN

Her Legs,
 dressed in red stockings,
 are bright, narrow rectangles
 disappearing into the night.



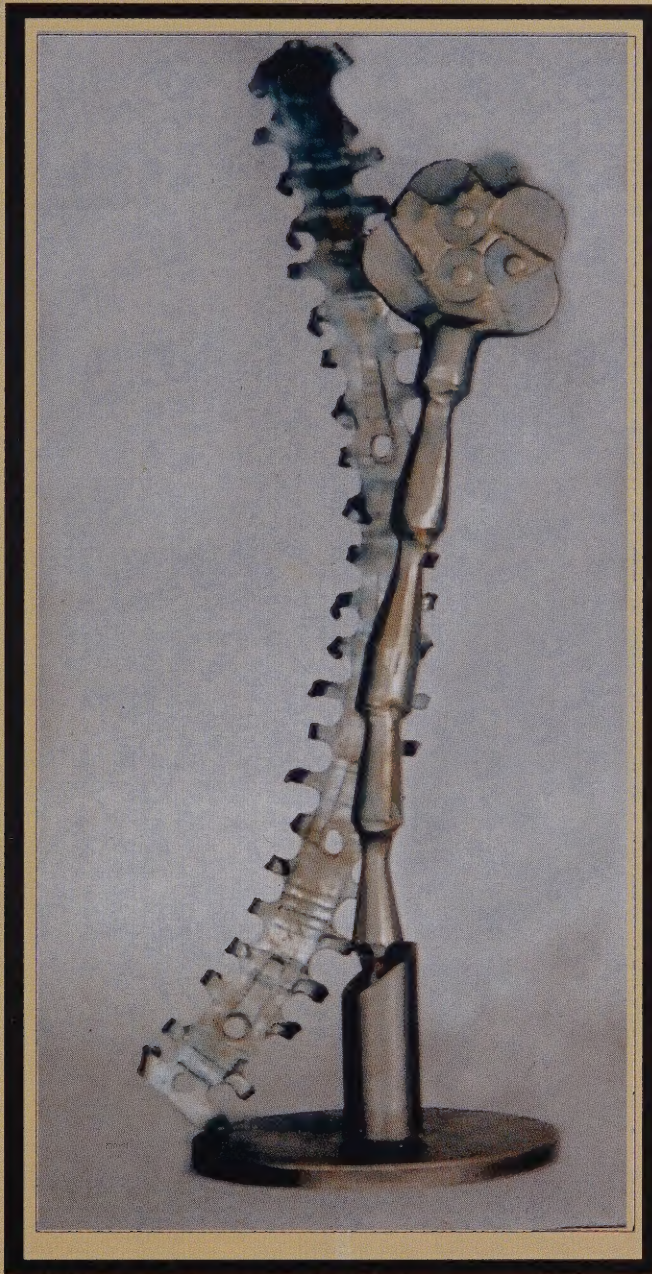
"Isosceles"

She is an extra
 in a horror film
 while she rides
 the subway train

Orange
 Fluorescent
 Nothing light
 divides her face into
 thirds and halves

She is a light reflector
 An isosceles triangle
 A half-moon
 riding on the subway train

Second Place Poetry
 By
 Nichole McQueen



Theron Ross

"CATERPILLAR"

THERON ROSS

1ST PLACE 3-D ART



S. HORNE

S1023 EVENT		KEYSTONE THEATER	
DOOR 12		"DAY AT THE MIDWAY"	
BALC RGT LOCATION/SECTION		SPENCER HORNE	
D 118 ROW/SEAT		1ST PLACE DIGITAL ART	
\$16.00 PRICE	BALC RGT LOCATION/SECTION	D 118 ROW/SEAT	\$16.00 PRICE
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"DAY ONE"

STPLACE
PROSE

It was a lovely spring day in Calais but the customs agent was being particularly hard on me. All the other passengers of the Berlin-to-London bus had re-boarded and were waiting to move on while I was still being questioned by the tall, stern Englishman in the little glass booth. After a long line of questions concerning my intentions he decided, reluctantly, to allow me passage into his country.

As I turned to go he held up a warning finger.

"But no working in the UK!" he said.

I put on an incredulous look.

"Okay..." I said, shrugging, as if to say, 'Why would I, an American, stoop to working in England of all places?'

Hopping onto the bus, I suppressed a smile. The big coach rumbled into the Channel Tunnel and I sighed in relief. If only the officer had seen the newly purchased bicycle tucked into the luggage compartment. If he had found in my pack the copy of "Work Your Way Around the World", the jig would have been up. As it happened I was whisked into the UK, soon to continue my illustrious career as a bike messenger in one of the oldest and greatest cities in Europe. Life would be mine for the living.

People ask me now, "How did you find work?" or "Where did you live". They can't imagine leaving their secure, predictable lives on a whim and ending up in a strange place, alone.

They don't understand that what we think of as 'life' is a simple matter. With a few tips and your wits about you, anywhere is fair game. Just pick a spot and go.

In the spring of 1999 I went to London. The very day that I arrived I found a place to live, got a fun job and had a date with a great girl. It was exciting and surprisingly easy, and it began on that bus.

The coach rumbled out of the tunnel and pointed toward London. I was wired. Despite a long, sleepless night of bus travel I was thrilled to be in England. My eyes were glued to the scenery of rolling countryside. After about an hour we began to wind our way through the dense suburbs of the city. I grew more impatient and tried to memorize for posterity all the tightly packed neighborhoods and busy roads. The glimmering expanse of the Thames river slid beneath us.

As we drew closer to the station the sidewalks became more busy. Tourists wandered and businesspeople dashed about. Near the steps of an office building I spotted a young man with a bicycle, leafing through a map-book. He was, without a doubt, a messenger.

A few blocks later, at about nine a.m., we arrived. I sprung from the bus, shouldered my pack and drug the bike from beneath the bus. Outside the sun was already high. I squinted at the city and pushed the bike along the sidewalk. In my pocket was the card of a cheap hostel where I planned to stay, so for the first time I began to work my way through the labyrinth of streets that make up West London.

Not far from the station I saw a bike courier, the same one I had seen from the bus. He was again looking at his map. He said he was new to the business and that his company was still hiring. We chatted a bit and he marked the location of the company's office on my map. It seemed too easy, my stride quickened.

On my way through the city there was a wilderness. Hyde Park is a broad island of green in a sea of pavement. It is a reserve of peace where birds sing and locals picnic. A nice walk through the park, past fountains and forests, led me to the neighborhood of Bayswater. White buildings and leafy streets are the theme. The sidewalks are littered with shoppers and sightseers in transit between the central attractions and the many small hotels of Bayswater. My destination, the Lions Court Hotel, was not easy to find. I wandered a bit before coming upon three young, bohemian-looking guys who were foot-bagging in front of one of the less well kept buildings. They figured me as a traveler.

One of them asked "Need a place to stay?", and stuck out a red and blue card. It was identical to the card in my pocket. This was the Lions Court, and these people, among others would soon be my friends.

There are a surprising number of long-stay hostels in London. Most charge a fair rate for dormitory accommodation and cater to the vast population of Australian, New Zealand and South African young people who live and work in the city. These "antipodeans" as they're called, come from their home country, after graduating university, to earn money in England. They then wander around Europe for a while, return to work some more, bum around a while longer and then go home to settle. It is a sort of rite-of-passage for antipodeans to travel for a year or two before stabilizing, and the capital of the former British Empire is a main focus for that travel. This is why I quickly became "the American bloke" among a jovial crowd of Aussies, Kiwis and South Africans who were, like myself, making use the favorable exchange rate of the British pound and the cheap housing offered by the Lions Court.

After securing a bed in room 1, and making a few friends, I headed out to make my next move, this time by bicycle. A quick study of my city map lead me to believe that getting to the courier office would be a simple cross-town pedal. A few minutes into the ride it became obvious that it would be more of a gauntlet than a jaunt, and riding on the left side was the least of my worries.

Bayswater road is a long, fast descent that drops into the melee of Marble Arch. Dodge the tour buses and the taxis and slip into the canyon that is Oxford street. This is where things get scary. In the city's main shopping avenue, the marble and glass temples of retail loom overhead. I flew between and around giant buses and wily pedestrians. Motorcycles breezed past me, seeming to break the laws of physics as they dove through traffic.

This was a new way of thinking and moving. Traffic, to a car, is a set of rules and compromises. To a cyclist it is life in fast motion. A courier must predict the movement of motorists and walkers to dodge and coast accordingly. One must make split-second decisions based on a thousand variables and a knowledge of streets and sidewalks that comes from intimate experience. One must foresee the future of traffic lights, calculate distances and speeds, and figure a path that will carry a cyclist to their destination efficiently and safely. Looking good is a plus, too.

Oxford lead to Theobolds road which became Clerkenwell and then up to City Road. Traffic thinned here and I caught my breath on the way to Old Street Roundabout. This is the gateway to North London, an area of light industry and low rent housing. Pelham road lead me from the roundabout into the heart of the North's badlands where I found the shabby offices of A-Z Couriers.

It was a fairly large company controlling vans, parcel cars, motorbikes and a team of about 25 cycle couriers. The "pushbike circuit" was managed by a wiry old messenger with a sly look. Ian was keen to have an American on the force and never spoke as if I didn't have a job. No visa, no national health number and no questions asked. All I needed was a map-book and plenty of ambition. Mark, the radio controller, explained the free-call process to me in a garish Cockney accent.

"I get on the radio and call out a pick-up and delivery, pick-up and delivery, pick-up and delivery... you push your 'bid' button and when I ask, you say where you are and where you're goin'. I put a job on you and you press your 'roger' button".

This would be how the world worked for the next few months of my life. Ian's upbeat humor was encouraging and Marks accent was infective. They and the city would use and abuse me and never let up. It was great, I was a courier.

Years prior to setting out for London I had dreamed about riding there. The old film "Around the World in 80 Days" had left an image in my psyche. In the opening sequence a small, Spanish man named Paspatu is shown making his way through nineteenth-century London on a high-wheel bike, a "penny-farthing". The man seemed to float above the whirl of horse-carts and people. He rode with a placid gaze and a derby hat. Drivers shook their fists and women shouted but he coasted along unconcerned. His attitude was unaffected by the storm around him.

This image was inspiring. I never quite matched the grace of old Paspatu but his style would be mine.

When I rode back to the hostel, daylight was waning. I stored the bike in the hallway and went out to the sidewalk to take care of one last order of business. Planted in front of the hostel was a bright red call box. That distinctive icon of England exists in abundance and they are disgusting. Callers insist on smoking as they use the phone booth but there is no ventilation. The windows are covered inside by advertisements for strip clubs and prostitutes. The phone itself is filthy and often damaged. So as I phoned my romantic interest I propped the door open with my foot and learned about the local sex trade.

"God, Nate! When did you get here?", Alicia answered from Richmond.

She was surprised to learn that I already had a bed and a job. It was agreed that we would meet at Earl's Court tube station and have a drink in a nearby pub.

Twilight colored the sky as I coasted through Kensington, past ancient chapels and grand apartment blocks. The west end is home to London's, and the world's, cultural elite. Much of my time in London would be spent shuffling packages between West and East. I would constantly weigh the history and charm of one against the gritty reality of the other. Each has merit, each is part of the whole, and they are both a source of life and culture. As a stranger and a guest of that city I wouldn't judge it. I had to accept what I saw and learn from it.

Darkness came as I found Earls Court station. Alicia waited impatiently. She and I had met in Switzerland months before and had arranged to meet at several other way-points on our respective journeys. From Melbourne, Australia, she was an energetic traveler. A few weeks before, she had gone to London to work as an au-pair.

We chatted excitedly in the 'Rat and Parrot' pub, running down our recent adventures. Our mutual passion for travel was a main source of attraction. It seemed there was great potential in our relationship and as our meeting drew to a close I couldn't help but feel at home in this great city. We hugged on the sidewalk and I rode happily into the night.

My new roommates at the hostel were intrigued to hear of the day's exploits and I was glad to lie back and describe them.

What more could be asked of a day? To arrive a stranger and find a home, job and love in a few fast-paced hours, this was life the way few people ever live it.

Many people while away their lives focused on mistaken priorities. Work, shelter, and society are not the end, they are the means; a foundation. Beyond them lies understanding. What we build onto the foundation is what truly matters.

What followed this first day was something of a decline. The hostel turned out to be a hive of drugs and debauchery. The job was hectic and dangerous, almost destructive. Alicia, sad to say, became detached, our relationship fizzled.

Despite these things and perhaps because of them, each day that followed was no less educational than that first, blissful day. Life was lived and lessons were learned.

A free spirit was awakened that day to a world where failure meant little, and success was always a pedal-stroke away.

NATHAN
SPRINKLE





Chris
Grimm



"In Bloom"



Donna J. Welch



"Self Portrait"
1st place 2-D Art



الصينية



Ahmad Sabha
 "Shino Sister II"
 4th place 3-D Art

Warmth and relaxation were all I wanted as I saw the condensation of my breath in a white cloud before me. My cold outstretched fingers encircled the cylindrical shaped handle of the large glass door. As the door opened, warm air rushed over my dry, wind-chapped face. Stepping inside, my coat nearly fell off my shoulders as I glanced at the slow moving fans above. The dull thud of my book bag can be heard as I plop it down on the wicker couch behind me. Directly in front of me are beans, jars of beans, a row of jars twenty feet long and four feet high; this enormous wall of plastic jars is the biggest selection I have ever seen. Each jar is neatly labeled indicating from what countries the various beans are from, and whether they are decaffeinated or regular. Each bin has its own unique color and flavor. While staring at a dark French roast, the tiny cherry sized bells on the door began to give their telltale jingle that someone has entered the store. As if a puppet pulled by a string, my head jerks around to see a man in a navy blue suit coat and matching pants. I watched him quickly make his order and walk out, still carrying the burdens of the day with him, and too busy to enjoy what he had just bought.

The intoxicating aroma of the coffee shop brings me back to what I want to order for myself. I want something warm and cozy, something you can curl up with, forget all your cares, and be at rest. "A double espresso with one shot of hazelnut flavoring, topped with whipped cream please" I requested. This order is fairly simple, that is partially why I like it so much.

The espresso maker is anything but ordinary. A lot of time and money is put into developing the most sophisticated espresso makers to get the most exotic flavors. Small computers are used to regulate the exact amount of time the machine is running. Steam surges, angrily through the pipes, slamming with all its might into the waiting coffee grains. With all the hissing and snorting of a monster ready to charge, I wait for some sort of explosion; but, somehow this gentle giant, with all the care in the world, gingerly lets the coffee trickle out slowly into the waiting cup. "Click", the computer inside shuts the machine off. Excitement builds as the wonderful fragrance conjugates around me, lifting my spirits I can see the steam billowing off the top the cup. Smoothly the cup is put aside and milk is carefully poured into a stainless steel cup known as an ebrick. After the milk has been frothed, it is then poured into the coffee cup along with a squirt of hazelnut syrup. Topped with the thickest whipped cream I've ever tasted, my glorious drink is now ready.

Turning around, I notice the soft lighting for the first time. Tables for two are neatly set up lining the large glass window. Sitting in one of these remarkably comfortably wicker chairs, I notice the thin lamps on the table cast a yellow hue over the entire area of the table and myself. As much as I like these two-person tables, I prefer the cozy couch in the corner of the shop. I contemplate the poor man who rushed in and out so quickly he didn't have time to enjoy what he had purchased. To me the enjoyment of coffee is more than just drinking it. It's the atmosphere you drink it in that counts. Curled up in my little ball on the couch, my troubles seem to fall from my shoulders like a weight. I have not a care in the world, save for the characters in the tattered novel I am reading. This is what I have waited for the entire day.



per McMahon



-19-



Spencer Horne

*"Reflections of Madness;
Weston Asylum"*

Third Place Digital Art

Stak-Mis

S. HORNE



In the third floor of the parking deck I found her. Why she had to die such a brutal death, I cannot say. But, one thing is true, to see her in that wretched state, that helplessly battered state, was so painful I fear I will never recover from the shock I experienced on that wicked Monday. Geez, I mean, why did I have to find her? The bastard could have at least buried her, so that I wouldn't be so traumatized upon encountering her puddles of blood, the frozen expression on her face, of fear. I guess I'm being pretty selfish though. Don't think that I haven't mourned every second that she spent dying. Believe me, I have, I always will.

Celeste was the best friend I will ever have. I know I sound like I've given up hope, but, what else is there to do? I mean, she really was my only friend. We spent endless hours together, on trips that we couldn't convince anyone else to accompany us on. We never grew tired of one another, which is really strange because I grow tired of everyone in a very short matter of time-usually. But, everything about her was unusual.

Her beauty was eccentric and she moved with the grace of a fearsome cat. She had those almond eyes that everyone finds irresistible nowadays, and skin that was noticeably fair. Her body wasn't what anyone would call ideal because she was tall, lithe and flat-chested. But, that didn't keep the guys away, she captivated their interest before they even got to be near her. They admired her from afar. When a guy tells you that he loves the girls who don't wear make-up, it's probably because he got to be close to girls like her. Green eyes that looked through your soul and cinnamon hair, a welcoming flame. She was really comfortable with her appearance, which was distinctly alluring. I suppose that's why she was the victim.

He hated the girls who were strong, he had been killing them in his imagination for years, but had never acted on his nefarious daydreams. He was in our class, he sat a few seats in front me and he was the student who always raised his hand but never got the question right. Celeste, well, she was the student who never failed to follow up his wrong answers with the correct response every time. Several instances arose when we were involved in class debate, and he and Celeste always battled one another on meticulous issues of no consequence. He tended to be the initiator of their ongoing struggles, but made her out to be the enemy. Enemy...

I know, she was his enemy, but, I just don't understand how pointless disputes could have pushed him this far. There she was, useless cell phone in hand, lying on her back, naked. I knew she had been raped. Rape is such a perfect word to describe what she had gone through. Raped of her chastity, raped of her future, raped of her life. He could have left it at that, but, it wouldn't have been enough, to satisfy the rage that he felt inside. It boiled over, through the knife that he slashed her jugular with. Her hair was saturated with the crimson life that had vomited itself from her neck.

I shouldn't have taken her head and cradled it in my lap. I shouldn't have taken my jacket and covered her corpse. That is what the police refer to as "tampering with evidence" and that is one of the reasons why I'm here. If only he hadn't taken the knife with him, I would have joined her in her grisly condition. But, they found me with her; I tried to explain, but words never came. The officer looked me in the eyes, "What happened here kid?" My "excellent" education couldn't help me to say even the most elementary phrases. I had a blank expression on my face, he dragged me to his car, and issued a succession of words I couldn't make out. I suppose Miranda Rights, or perhaps, just friendly conversation, a sequence of blahs that lasted for several minutes. The trials afterward, were much the same, meaningless, blank, trivial.

Crazy people get locked up.

Carte Postale

"The bird is hurt," you said, leaning towards the Intercom.
"it needs help".

We froze with apprehension,
peering at the brown box in your trembling hands.

Doesn't he know that this is a business?
And what if he tries to get in?

I stared at you between sheets of wired glass
and recogized your gentle, weathered face.
You were the one I've been watching for years
from the third story window,

sitting alone in the graveyard
or standing motionless
on the corner of Fifth and Church.

I'll call the Humane Society," I said,
"They can help".

A thick silence filled the office
as you turned to leave.

Are you actually going to call them?
The guy's a lunatic!

pained for you that day

Address

Karen
VanWagenen
Jones
"Emerald
City"

Third place poetry

ST. LOUIS, MO. 63101, U.S.A. - PARIS, FRANCE - 75001

and remember you still,
ten years later,
jealous

of your eye for simple beauty
and the infinite freedom
you carry in this life.

We,

the Beautiful People
rush through uptown thoroughfares
with briefcases and high heels.

We, the wizards,

the stokers of dreams
and the makers of tomorrow,
will never know the subtlety of spring
or snow,
or humid night air
the way you know.

Instead,

we'll peel you
from our landscape
like sunburned skin.

We'll inoculate our senses from
your insubordinate stance,
your catatonic stare,
and your
bulging plastic bags.

Carte Postale

Our skyscraper
and Mega-banks
will swallow you hole,
except at Thanksgiving
and Christmas,
or on especially good days
when we throw a coin of penance at
your feet.

What if

you were really the Wizard
and we just didn't see it?

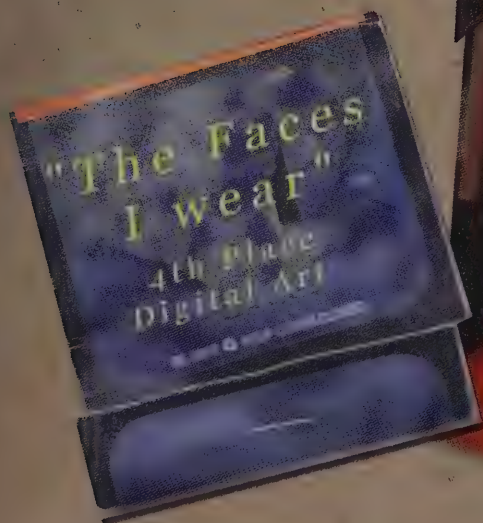
What if

you held the magic to fly anywhere
but chose to stay here,
in this,
your great Emerald City,
patiently waiting
to grant
our
requests?

ST. LOUIS, MO. 63101, U.S.A. - PARIS, FRANCE - 75001



S. HORN





JEFFERY ANDREWS

"MENDHI HAND I"

3RD PLACE 2-D ART

The Pinnacle

There! I can feel it! The first hints of peaceful slumber begin their ever-building wave of unconsciousness. In that sleep, the cares that loom so large are no more. I long to be washed away by that welcome friend. How long will it take? How long must I remain? Oh, come quickly!

The odor of pine fills my nostrils as I take in the first smells of a day dawning new in the mountains. There is a distinct nip in the air as the covers are thrown back and my feet land solidly on the floor of our mountain house. This room seems very cold, but there is more than just the cold; there is an encroaching, penetrating darkness that leaves me empty. One could feel lost, fearful and without hope in such an all-consuming blackness were it not for a solitary beam of light that rushes through the crack in the curtains covering the window. I have never noticed the arresting beauty of light before this moment; the tiny particles dance and swirl within the boundaries of the solitary beam. This single ray carries more glory than all the skyfuls I have seen prior to this morning. With eager anticipation and hope, my hands grip the ends of the curtains, and in one quick motion the veil is removed from before my eyes. I no longer need to use my weak powers of imagination to allow me to view this paradise; I see the glory in what must be its fullness. The thought that, even this glorious place is "but a shadow," is dumbfounding. As I stand at the window, the realization that I will soon be exiting this old, comparably ugly structure only to enter a world, for which I have for so long yearned, captures me. Other sounds begin to invade my consciousness; reluctantly, I return from so great a vision of splendor to this dark and hollow dwelling.

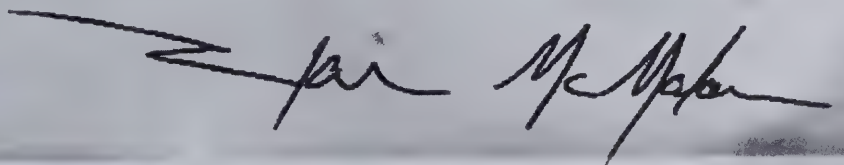
The house comes to life with sounds of a family, comprised of seven members, beginning to stir. The morning ritual of preparing for the day is somewhat laborious, but our toil is not in vein; we as a family work toward one goal as if part of one body, always keeping the thought of our prize before us. The family bundles from head to toe, clothing ourselves in preparation for that which is to come. The sight of the little children in layers upon layers of clothing, inflating them to twice their original size, is one that brings forth much laughter from the older members of the family. They, as little children, are not quite old enough to fully anticipate or appreciate where they are headed. I am the first of my family to exit the dwelling and breathe not the stale air of the old cabin but the crisp, clean vapor of outside air. We all pile into our vehicle for the short trek to our mountain destination. The desire to be on the mountain is intense. The time

elapsed seems like an eternity. The reward is more than worth any hardship, toil and pain that this trip required. I am greeted by thousands of feet of snow covered rock. If one strains the ear, the distinct sound of howling wind can be heard from somewhere deep inside the ancient hill. The resonance seems not to drive away, but it beckons me to listen and come. To some it might sound as the wrath and judgment of the mountain, but in my ears it is the most glorious utterance I have ever heard. In one instance it made me tremble in awe at its power and majesty; in the next, I never felt more comforted and welcomed.

Together we walked toward the entrance. At the gate, a man with a large reservations book greets us with more warmth and hospitality than any one before this moment. He finds each of our names in his book to make certain that we all have paid for our tickets. Finding all our names present, the gatekeeper looks up and with a smile says "Enter and be welcome." As the gentleman ushers us into a lift for our journey skyward, I notice the name of the place: Mt. Zion. The steed that places this adventurous soul atop the crag, is an open-air chair lift. This stallion whisks his passengers away, a hundred feet off the ground, for a breathtaking ten-minute journey up the side of the mountain to its termination at the summit. The sight that awaits me at my journey's end is beyond any sight known to those below. If only everyone below could see what I am witnessing at this moment, they would pay whatever it costs to be standing in my place. As I dismount my iron horse, a subtle crackle of snow beneath my skis can be heard. The crisp and undefiled air rushes against my face. Within seconds I become totally immersed in the awesome sights. This moment's majesty exceeds even the wonderous glimpse I received at the window of the cabin far below. I can't help but turn to every degree of the compass in order to absorb it all. I quickly realize that I am hundreds of feet above tree line. The wind rushes over every peak creating snowcaps of twelve to forty feet, and the gusts as they reach the crest, throw clouds of stark white snow many feet into the sapphire expanse above me. The sun-bathed mountains gleam and sparkle in the morning light. The peaks surrounding me invoke a certain empathy for those who feel the need to climb Everest. Nothing impedes my eye from seeing for miles in all directions. The colors of this glorious landscape rush in upon my eyes. The green pines, white snow, brown trunks, azure skies, and yellow sun, are always welcome sights. Various shades of purple, gold, and silver don the picturesque view. From this peak, it seems as if the mountains continue to the sea. The sensation of being atop of the world is unmistakable. This scene is so far removed from everything I know, and even though my mind understands that others are around me, the unmistakable sense

of total solitude is evident the entire time. The wind howls in my ears, while peace and serenity envelop me. The thought that the whole of creation can be seen from this solitary vantagepoint would seem totally accurate. What a marvelous image has been burned in my memory by the wind, the colors, the view, the smells. This image will be etched in my memory for the rest of my days. I long to spend an eternity with my feet planted in this spot, leaving my sorrow and heartache in the world far below me. In this instant, I now realize why I spent my life working toward this moment. Oh that this moment would never end!

My eyelids slowly open. My heart is beating uncontrollably. The grip of unconsciousness has loosened and the flood has past. Could this have been a dream? The mountain seemed so real, and there is nothing that I can tell to the contrary. I didn't want to leave that wondrous pinnacle, and I would give anything to be there for only a moment more, to know its ecstasy more intimately. Everything where I am seems rank and gross, compared to the surpassing greatness of the place from which I have, all too recently, returned. All my passions are forever bound to it as if it were the life raft keeping me afloat. How long must I remain?! Oh, come quickly!



Ryan McMahon

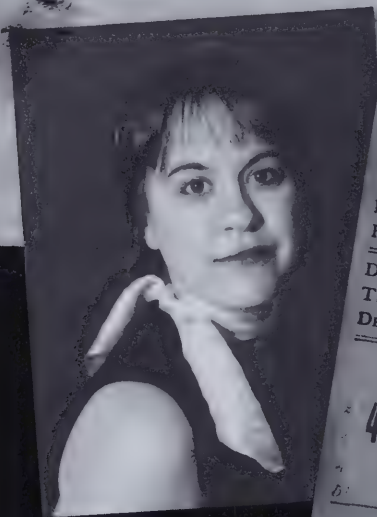


"The Pinnacle"
Third place prose

"tsanto"

i don't find it easy to talk to most people.
but i knew (and i could see that you did too)
that if we could just get away
we might see a deer or a shooting star.

we were there, you and i, under the infinite sky.
sitting beneath the night wind
i felt something.



DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
THE CITY OF NEW YORK
Borough of _____
REPORT CARD

1 KELLY BRADLEY
7

SATISFACTORY: A-Excellent; B-Good.
UNSATISFACTORY: C-Poor; D-Bad.

	MONTHS				
	1 st	2 ^d	3 ^d	4 th	5 th
EFFORT.....	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
PROFICIENCY	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
DAYS ABSENT..					
TIMES LATE					
DEPORTMENT					

4TH PLACE POETRY

28 (OVER)

PLAYBILL

"CATCH ME, CHASE ME"

Mac

BRENDA
MCLUSKIE

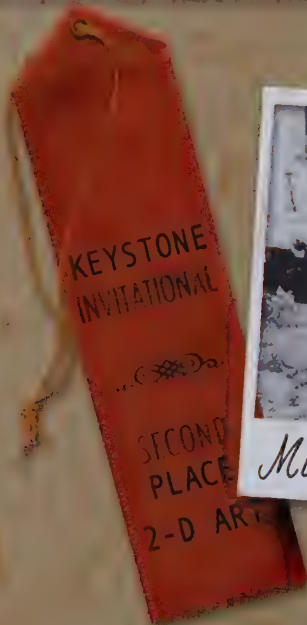
SECOND PLACE

3-D ART





Mimi Korthauer



Mimi Korthauer

"Through the Glass"



Lester Morris

"Vase"

3rd Place 3-D Art





Classified
 This is a Class
 Classified as Confidential
 and should be handled
 accordingly. It is
 intended for a specific
 audience and should
 not be released to the
 public.

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 UNION

FEDERAL
 BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
 U.S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

TLYS48 34 GOVT-WLUX WASHINGTON DC 1970 1P 542 471 11 PM 3

Misael Cuering:
 was awarded 2nd place in photography
 for "Untitled"

COMMANDER [REDACTED]

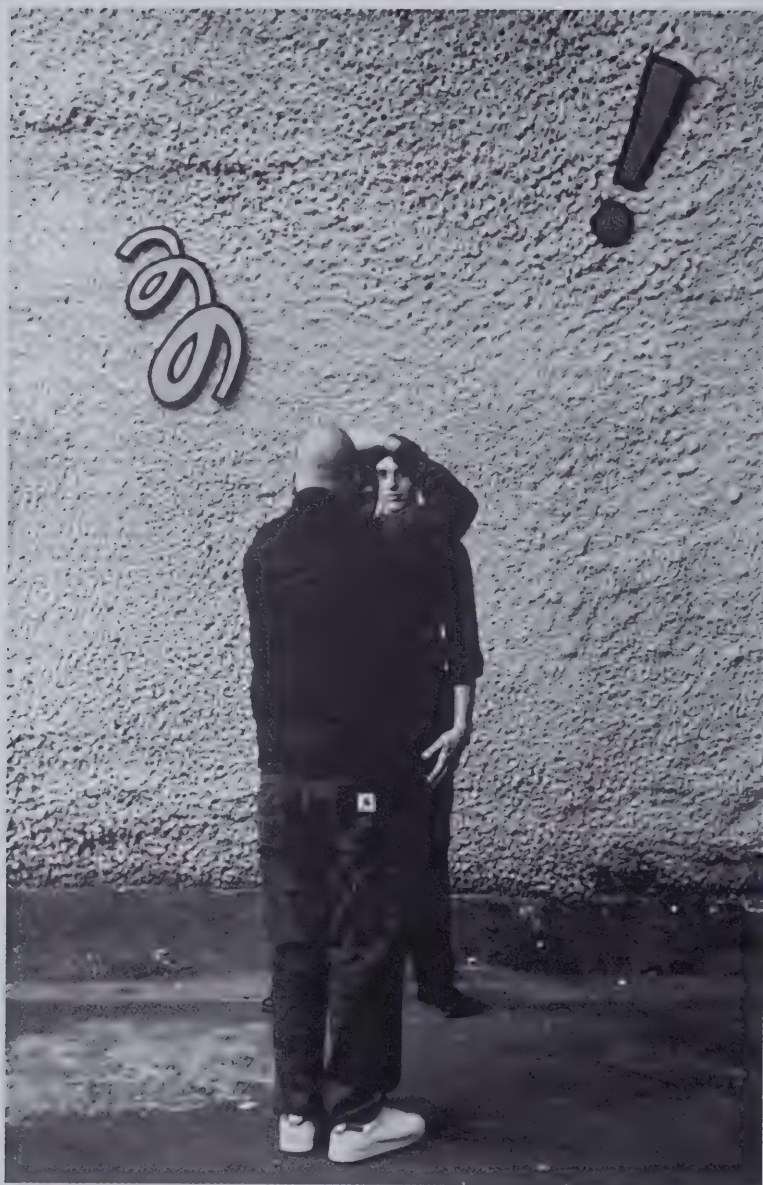




33 Carolyn Ison
"Nasturtiums"
4th place 2-D Art
334, rue Saint-Henri,
75001 P^{ARIS}
Métro: Pyramides ou Tuileries
Tél.: 01.42.60.03.28
Fax: 01.42.60.68.28

Carolyn Ison





GREGORY TONG



"TAKE MY PICTURE"

1ST PLACE
PHOTOGRAPHY

Prose: Ryan McMahon, for "The City of Old"?

Poetry: Nelly Anderson, for "Trials" and "Roses for Me", Ryan McMahon, for "The Man Who Answered Yes", Nichole McQueen, for "Upside Down".

2-D Art: Deanna Wilson, for "Bird, Vase, Feather, Egg", Caleb Faires for "Pomum", Elaine Martone for "Josie", Nam Nguyen for "Still Life in Eggplant", Joann Koucouliotes for "Veggies", Carl A. Foesch for "Scraggly Old Tree", Trudy Cox for "Shadows, Reflections and Refraction II", Michelle Daigler for "Family Portrait of Flowers", and "The Farm", Sue Ann Copley for "Swingers", Debbie Pendleton for "Still Magnolia", David Ritland for "Gourd and Pitcher", Frank V. Summers for "Eleanor's Charlotte", Jack Swinney for "Untitled", Carrie Pasquarelli for "Eww, is that me"?

3-D Art: Terry McMicking for "The Letter Carrier", Erin Earles for "Untitled", Ahmad Sabha for "Wooden Tea Pot and Tea Bow", Theron Ross for "Bob in Miami".

Digital Art: Chris Grimm for "The Rebirth of Venus", and "Thorn in My Side".

Photography: Chris Grimm for "The Gathering Storm", Spencer Horne for "Fear", Karen Jonas for "Sunflower", Gregory Tong for "Target", and "Central Park", Misael Cuering Jr. for "Face Close Up", Diedre Lutts for "Tacit Gnosticism", John Drawbaugh for "Parkway Siblings", Cristina Fuentes for "Untitled", and Anthony Bove for "Untitled".

Artists and Writers

Racy Allen grew up in Houston, Texas and she remembers envying her sister's ability to draw and paint, often copying her art. She never thought about photography as art until high school. Making major changes in her life, she signed up for a photography class at CPCC, intending to improve her skills for personal pictures as family heirlooms. When she is one, she hopes her children, and perhaps her children's children will be able to flip through her albums and have a clearer image of who she was and how she saw the world.

Jeffrey Andrews spent most of his formative years in England and began drawing as a distraction on rainy days and in competition with his brother. Having a formal base in sculpture helped to improve the way he renders 3-dimensional objects on a flat surface. He went back to school at CPCC in 1994 and chose graphic arts because it was close, but more employable than, fine art. Just like the secret to good conversation, is listening, the secret to drawing is seeing.

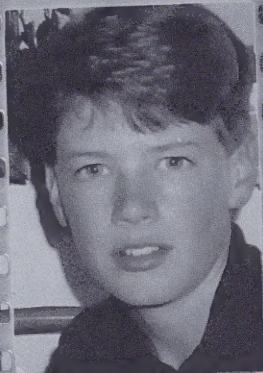
Chris Grimm's childhood was very creative and he was always thinking of new ideas and ways of doing things. This creativity just carried over into his adulthood, and has manifested itself into the artist he is today. He moved around a lot as a child and never had the opportunity to stay friends with people. He was an only child, so he had to create his own worlds. He was always encouraged to be creative in his thoughts and actions.

Spencer Horne began drawing by drawing portraits and copying comics from magazine or newspaper pictures. His personal artwork tends to lean towards the darker, more macabre side. He guesses this results from having spent too many late nights watching classic horror movies, making Halloween masks and bloody finger gags. He eventually got a job at a photo studio doing retouch and restoration, and now, doing graphic design. After taking up photography several years ago, he does a lot of mixing the two.

Theron Ross lived as a small child, in Savannah, Georgia and he remembers making sandcastles at the ocean and finding driftwood washed up on the beach. Anything that he got his hands on he took apart, and only sometimes put back together. He has studied at Penland School of Crafts for many years and has recently established a full time forging and sculpture studio in Charlotte. Making things for people to appreciate and enjoy whether it is a functional piece or purely sculptural is the most gratifying thing that he can imagine.



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Nelly Anderson

Karen Van Wagenen Jones has already raised three children. She now attends CPCC in pursuit of her Masters of Fine Arts. Her goal is to teach teachers how to motivate and nurture creativity in children. She grew up in an environment surrounded by the arts and believes it greatly impacted how she responds to and her sensitivity to the world. She knows that seeing something painful is often a catalyst for moving others to great change. She hopes to use art to call people to action, whether through painting with a brush or words.

Kiernan McMahon has a lot of fun, family oriented memories. All the lessons his parents have taught and all the activities he has pursued go into his writing. He is 17, and has been home schooled all his life. At 16 he started concurrent enrollment at CPCC. His parents constantly encourage him to keep trying and be creative.

Mimi (Eliza Marie Roseman Nicolls) Korthueer is a multi-faceted artist with interests and accomplishments in music as well as in the creative mediums of painting and drawing. From a very early age, Mimi was exposed to all aspects of art in her home and schools. She remembers fondly her first artistic experience with paper dolls and watercolors. She graduated from Queens College, attended Julliard Music School Summer School and was a professional musician prior to 1990.

Donna Welch had a very relaxed mom who nurtured her creative interests. She let her make messes and provided lots of fun things to play with. She enjoyed making things, and when she was in high school she was introduced to clay. A world of limitless possibilities opened at that point, and she has been working in clay ever since. A year ago she decided to take a painting class at CPCC. She hadn't painted on canvas in years and thought it would be fun to branch out from clay work.

Brenda McLuskie grew up in Wilmington, Delaware as the fourth child in a family of five. Most of her youth was spent as a competitive swimmer and any artistic activities were always considered a momentary distraction rather than a possible career. Much later on, after obtaining her baccalaureate degrees at NC State in Business and Economics, her creative pull toward art became too strong to ignore.

Ryan McMahon had a vivid imagination growing up and was good at expressing himself through language. During his time at CPCC he discovered a love for the creative disciplines. His childhood memories have been those of a boy growing up in a strong Christian home with loving and devoted parents. His devotion to Christ is the primary motivation behind his life and work, and he hopes that this passion bleeds through all that he does.

Nichole McQueen started writing at an early age because she has such a vivid imagination that her first grade teacher advised her to put to words the "pictures in her head" instead of making bizarre exaggerations about her life to her classmates. Ever since, she has tried to look at people, places and things at as many different angles as she possibly can and overexpose the end result.

JUDGES.

William Tolan attended Lewis & Clark College from 1981-1985. He received his BFA in Photography in 1988 from New York University and his MFA in 1994 from Arizona State University. He has taught at Phillips Academy, ASU, Syracuse University, as well as other institutions. He was co-director of the Andover-Bread Loaf Writing Workshop's Lawrence Program, teaching at-risk children, from 1991-92. Recently, Tolan was a photo editor and staff photographer at Fox News Online from 1997-2001, as well as the Assistant Director of the Light Factory from 2001-2002.

Don Mager is a poet in Charlotte who has published poems since 1960, with several chapbooks and two books, most recently *That Which Is Owed To Death and Good Turns* (both Main Street Rag Press). He was the first winner of the Union County Writers' Club chapbook contest for *Borderings* (1999). He wrote the libretto for a three act opera, *Akhmatova* by Marc Satterwhite, which will be premiered in Spring 2003 in Louisville, KY. He is the Mott University Professor of English at Johnson C. Smith University in Charlotte.

M. Scott Douglass has been publisher and editor at Main Street Rag since 1996. His poetry has appeared in Asheville Poetry Review, Black Bear Review, Slipstream, & Southern Poetry Review, among others. He received a grant in 2000 from the NC Arts & Science Council to publish his first full-length book, *Auditioning For Heaven*. Most recently he's taught Graphic Design at CPCC Southwest Campus and served on the Artist's Advisory Board for the Arts & Science Council.

Leslie Stottlemeyer received her BFA from Shepherd College in Shepherdstown, WV. She has worked as Gallery Coordinator in private galleries in Maryland, West Virginia, and North Carolina. Before moving from West Virginia to Charlotte in 1998, she developed and coordinated a non-profit gallery dedicated to the promotion of West Virginia-made handcrafted objects. This interest in the handmade objects led her to Charlotte, and to the Mint Museum of Craft + Design.

Keith Bryant received his Bachelors of Fine Arts from Colorado State University, 1985. Was a resident Artist at University of the Arts, Philly, 1986. Received Master of Fine Arts from Cranbrook Academy of Art 1989. Taught at University of South Carolina 1989-90, Central Piedmont Community College 1990-2000, University of North Carolina, Charlotte 2000-present. Currently teaching in ceramics department and foundations (3-d) Received emerging Artist grant 1995.

STAFF

Cassandra Lyon--Design Editor—Cassie and her father have been talking about art for as long as she can remember. Since both her parents are artists, she has had no shortage of creativity at any point in her life. Yet, in 1989 she joined the Navy, after which she decided she would go to college and learn more about the world around her. Although she received a BA from UNCG, it wasn't until she saw the world through her own eyes that she truly began to develop her mind and discover the creativity she inherently held inside. Thanks dad for encouraging, mom for helping and Darren for being there.

Carri Johnston-Literary Editor—Carri is content to stay home and read a book. Life, however, dictates that she dwell in the world outside that serenity and she does so with temerity and grace. Through her Mom and Dad's obsession with literature and music, she has been gifted a keen eye for creativity. She has spent most of her life in a "self-induced philosophical coffee-house," and surrounds herself with people of like mind. She is eclectic in a broad sense of the word and loves her dane Bentley. Her thanks go to Jesus Christ who provided her with each and every blessing that has, and will, continue to mold her.

John Drawbaugh-Photo Editor—John grew up in the Mid-Atlantic States, marrying his high school sweetheart. His interest in photography began while in the military and he has collected fine art photos for years. He decided to pursue photography as a vocation after a twenty five-year career in the investment industry. Thanks to my wife of thirty-four years for her encouragement and love, and to the photography department at CPCC for their fine instruction.

